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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion.....\$ 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month.....\$ 5 00 One Square, one inch, three months.....\$ 12 00 One Square, one inch, one year.....\$ 40 00 Two Squares, one year.....\$ 80 00 Quarter Column, one year.....\$ 30 00 Half Column, one year.....\$ 20 00 One Column, one year.....\$ 10 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The annexation of upper Burmah by England gives that country control over petroleum fields, according to Engineering, as extensive as those of the United States or of Russia.

A paper by G. F. Wright on the "Muir Glacier," at Glacier Bay, Alaska, states that the frozen stream of this glacier is 5,000 feet wide and 700 feet deep. In August this glacier moves into the bay at the remarkable speed of forty feet per diem, thus bringing each twenty-four hours 140,000,000 cubic feet of ice into the bay.

Boston rejoices in the application of steam power to boot polishing. In a shop located in the midst of the disciples of Blackstone has been fitted up an engine with a complex arrangement of straps by which brushes are whirled at a surprising rate. The customers are seated on a broad bench, and are polished off in a very short time.

Prince William, the leader of a band of gypsies encamped near Hartford, recently received from a carriage-maker two wagons costing about \$1,000 apiece. The bodies are beautifully colored with gold bronze and fanciful sylvan scenes, the iron work is heavily plated with silver, and all the appurtenances are expensive. The wagons are for the special use of Prince William and family during the summer.

Substitutes for dynamite have been recently invented. The German government has in store a mass of roborite, which it is thought will particularly suit the demolition of Frenchmen when they become obstreperous. The French, on the other hand, believe in melinite for the Germans. In Sweden, experiments, made with less bellicose designs, have evolved an inexpensive and easily made explosive called "bellite." It explodes only by ignition, and then develops a force thirty-five times greater than that of gunpowder, and fifteen times greater than that of gun cotton.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says in regard to the Mexican Congress, that at the entrance to the Theatre Iturbide, where the deputies meet, soldiers stand with fixed bayonets at the doors downstairs, line the corridors and crowd the galleries, while a squad and a sergeant sit on benches in the lobby. And yet such tumults occur in the Assembly, with such hissing and hooting of speakers who are not liked, that under similar circumstances the Speaker at Washington would order the galleries cleared, but in Mexico nobody interferes with the uproar.

The finest collection of postage stamps in the world belongs to a Spanish nobleman, who is said to have spent more than \$300,000 in stamps. His collection has a library to itself in his Parisian residence, there being from 200 to 300 volumes. The rarest postage stamp is that of the island of Mauritius, in 1830. Be it red or blue, canceled or uncanceled, provided it has the word "postoffice" on its margin, it is worth \$300. The monks of Chartreuse at Ghent have a room papered beautifully with stamps; there are Chinese landscapes, Spanish chateaux, Swiss chalets, dogs, flowers, arabesques and inscriptions.

A recent writer inveighs against the indiscriminate use of tea and coffee, especially in the young. He is of the opinion that against the practice of giving them to children we cannot speak too strongly. Childhood is the period when the nervous activity is at its greatest. The brain is very busy in receiving new impressions. Reflexion, co-ordination of muscles, and the special senses are all under a constant course of training. The nervous system is pushed to its utmost capacity, and long is the list of victims that follow its overstimulation. These little people, nothing but harm can come from the use of such cerebral stimulants as tea and coffee.

Nearly every one in New York says the Tribune has heard of "Back Number" Budd, who puts away every day fifty copies of each New York newspaper to sell them to customers years hence at 500 to 5,000 per cent profit. It is reported that he once received \$700 for a single newspaper. Recently he was called upon by some Kansas men, among whom was Senator Ingalls, who asked his assistance in procuring a complete file of the Leavenworth Journal for the two years that it was under the management of John Henderson, during the agitation that resulted in the Leocompton Constitutional Convention, and the establishment of Kansas as a Free State. The file was desired for the Kansas Historical Society, and they were willing to pay \$10,000 for it.

DISCIPLINE. Before the mighty thunder-crash All nature holds her breath, The sword-like lightning's steely flash Leaps from a sombre sheath. And so must he who speaks aright Long ere he speaks be dumb; And he who brings to darkness light Must out of darkness come. —Catherine S. Holmes, in the Current.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

BY LUCY RANDALL COMFORT.

"A woman's education is a mistake from beginning to end," said Roxy Stephens, in a sudden outburst of despair. "Yes, it is. Here have I been going to school all my life, and I don't know anything. There never could have been," Roxy deliberately added, "even in the Dark Ages, such an ignoramus as I am. I don't even know how to feed the chickens properly," as a downy colony of little "Dominiques" scattered this way and that before the mass of scalded meal which Roxy had flung too abruptly into their midst, while the mother hen, sounding a trumpet-note of shrill alarm, scuttled back against the picket-fence, with flapping wings and feathers all a-bristle. Roxy had been seventeen years old when she came to live with her aunt Sally Stephens on the Redbrook Farm. She was a bright-haired, fresh-complexioned girl, with shady blue eyes, emphasized by perfectly arched brows a thought heavier than falls to the usual lot of woman-kind. In a certain fashion her mind corresponded to her eyebrows. There was a quaint vein of originality pervading it. Her nature was strongly outlined too, and in the fulness of her youth and vitality she had once believed that she was born to conquer fate.

Roxanna Stephens was a city-bred girl, the daughter of Miss Sally's oldest brother, who had died unexpectedly, leaving a motherless girl totally unprovided for. Miss Sally herself, a complaining little woman, with a face full of fine wrinkles, like China crape, and blue eyes hidden behind misty spectacles, accepted the trust, as she had accepted all other inconveniences of her life, limply and without protest. She had never had any strong emotions one way or the other. If she had any active pleasure, it was in gathering the humble herbs and simples of her native fields and drying them in preparation for the aches and pains that beset her poor humanity.

And to this little old brown woman in a little old brown farm-house came Roxanna, the young princess who had set forth to conquer the world. "I'm desput glad you've come, Roxanna," said Miss Stephens, sniffing at a bunch of witted penny-royal. "I ain't able to keep on doin' as I've been doin'. Somehow its borne in upon me that Providence has sent you. I've worked powerful hard all my life, and now I'll jest rest a spell, and let you keep house for me. I hain't no doubt at all but what we'll get along together first-rate, you and me."

Roxy looked with solemn eyes at her aunt. Evidently the old lady had faith as a grain of mustard-seed, and there was something contagious in her example. "It must be very easy to keep house," said Roxy, fresh from the class-room and recitation-hall. So the household helm was delivered into her hands, and then—not till then—she realized the fact of her exceeding ignorance.

Not for worlds, however, would she have confessed her inability to rule the domestic menage. Aunt Sally had a profound contempt for "book-larin," and did not hesitate to assert roundly that "of brother Simon had took her advice he would hev brung up Roxanna in quite a different way," and the girl had a certain silent pride in vindicating her father's judgment. So, by the help of a dog's-eared cookery book which she found in the garret, she learned some of the simple secrets of the cuisine, and her own neat nature taught her the mysteries of sweeping and scrubbing; while old Hinda, a jet black negress, with a soft appealing voice like a flute, who pervaded the neighborhood, came twice in the month to wash and iron for the little household.

And Roxy's spirits rose with her good luck. "I'm getting to be a house-keeper," said she, cheerily, to herself. "Those fried fish this morning tasted quite good, and the wild plums that I preserved yesterday are certainly going to be a success."

But if it is always darkest just before daylight, it is also sometimes brightest before an unexpected thunder-cloud. And one day old Hinda bethought herself to feel ill of a Monday morning—of rheumatic fever.

Roxy went to carry her a little pail of milk and a stone crock of the wild plums, for Hinda had a child-like fondness for sweets. "Hinda," she faltered, "can't you wash for me this week? Do try—there's a good Hinda."

"The old woman wriggled herself about on her uneasy couch wringing her hands, and rolling up the yellow-white of her eyeballs in piteous fashion. "Not dis yar week, honey," she answered, plaintively; "not for de Queen an' all de royal chilluns. No; nor next week, neider. Don' know's I'll eber wash agin, honey," with a mournful croak in her voice. "But, Hinda, somebody must wash. Can't I?" "It ain't no work for a young lady, Miss Roxy," said Hinda, derisively. "Everything is work for a young lady," pleaded Roxy. "If it has got to be done, Hinda shook her head. 'Yo'll break yo' back, honey, an' parboil yo' hands, an'—'" "Oh, I don't mind all that, Hinda, if only Aunt would think the clothes looked decent," urged Roxy. "Tell me how to do it, Hinda—there's a darling."

"Well, honey, yo' put de clothes a-soak de night afore," unwillingly began Hinda, "in plenty o' bar soap sliced up thin; an' yo' bile 'em well, an' you doan forgit de bluein', an' mind yo' doan git de starch too stiff, an' be suah yo' resh de clothes right smart, an'—oh! oh! dar goes de pain in my po' ole bones agin, jes all de world like crooked lightnin'."

So Roxy returned home not much wiser than she went. "I'd give all my algebra and geometry," sighed she, "if only I knew how to wash."

Joy of joys! as she went past Squire Honeywell's big cream-colored house she saw a colony of white garments, veritable flags of truce to her troubled mind, fluttering in the wind from a line in the back garden. "They're washing," said Roxy to herself, with a brightening face. "Now's the time for me to go in and see how it is done."

She slipped insinuatingly in at the open kitchen door, whence a cloud of white steam floated forth. "Good-morning, Docia," she said to Miss Theococia Honeywell, the Squire's daughter. "Do you suppose your grandmother would like a jar of my wild plums? They're a nice color, and keep their flavor beautifully. No, don't stop your work" (as Miss Theococia paused courteously, and began to wipe her soapy arms on a roller-towel); "go on just as if I wasn't here."

And she eagerly settled herself to take note of the stout young woman's every motion. But Miss Theococia's ideas of politeness were a great deal too well defined to allow her to spend her time in washing when there was company. "You're very kind, I'm sure," said she, "but the clothes can wait. I dare say granny would relish the plums, and anyhow we've a city boarder this month, an artistic young gentleman, and any little luxury comes in handy for the table."

"An artist?" wistfully repeated Roxy. "Yes," nodded Docia. "Such pictures as he paints with a squeeze or two out of his color tubes, and a dab of his brushes! I declare it seems like magic. You paint too, Roxy Stephens, don't you?" "A little," confessed Roxy, thinking guiltily of the peach-blossom plaques and the panels covered with abortive attempts at autumn leaves that she had spoiled. "But painting is no use, Docia. For a woman I mean, I'd a deal rather know how to wash."

Docia Honeywell burst out laughing. "What odd things you do say, Roxy!" cried she. "But when it comes to painting, being no use, I just wish you could see the little bits of canvas and mill-board that our Mr. Jefferys gets a hundred and fifty dollars for. A—hundred—and—fifty—dollars! Going, are you?" for, since the business of washing was temporarily suspended, poor Roxy's purpose was blighted. "Well, I'm sure it was very kind of you to think of the preserved plums, and we'll be very thankful for them, especially since ma's citron all moulded, and the blackberries fermented, and blew the tops off the cans and broke the cellar windows. And, Roxy, if I'll stop in some afternoon will you show me that new crochet stitch?—the one in shells and waves, you know, like Mrs. Deacon Dodd's shawls."

Roxy promised that she would, and set forth, wondering to herself why it was that she lacked the moral courage to ask Docia for instruction in the mysteries of the wash-tub just as frankly as Docia had requested her assistance in unraveling the complexities of the new crochet stitch.

"I think I must be a dreadful goose," sighed Roxy. "But, all the same, that washing has got to be done, whether well or ill."

And so the next morning, when Aunt Sally had eaten the ham and eggs which Roxy had now learned to fry in so appetizing a manner, and drunk the coffee which was as clear as any amber, she set forth on her daily task of root and herb hunting, and Roxy carried the basket of clothes out to the shore of the brook, where a mighty old chestnut-tree spread its dome of shade, washed and wrung and raised them until it was a mercy that there were any two threads left together. Then she hung them out on the lines, which she had stretched from tree to tree, skewering each article safely in its place with wooden pins, so that no frolicsome wind should lure it.

"And now," said Roxy, as with head slightly on one side she viewed the result of her prowess, "I think I've earned a little rest." And drawing a novel from her pocket, Roxy sat down under the big tree, with her sun bonnet thrown back, her loose curls tangled over her forehead, and her round white arms still bare to the shoulder, to read, and before she knew it she was asleep.

When she awakened she was no longer alone. Between her and the sunshine there was—could she believe her eyes?—yes, verily there was a young man hurriedly working at a portable easel, which was set up on a level spot on the grass, with all the composure and aplomb of a young man who felt himself to be in the "right place" in creation's diagram. She looked at him with solemn, sleep shadowed eyes; he looked back at her exactly as if she was a part of the landscape, and worked steadily on in silence.

"Are you an artist?" said she. "Oh, you painting the old chestnut tree? Ah, you must be the gentleman that Docia Honeywell told me about." And then she suddenly remembered the tangled fringe of curls, the round, uncovered ears, and jumped up in a panic of very becoming confusion.

"I am Mark Jefferys," said the artist, composedly. "Yes, I am boarding at Squire Honeywell's house, and you?" "I am Roxy Stephens," said the girl, hurriedly pulling down her calico sleeves. "If you will just step up to the house I will give you a jar of wild plums that I promised to Docia; that is" (with an abrupt consciousness of her own temerity, "if you don't mind carrying it.") And this was the manner of their first acquaintance. Roxy was very sorry when Mr. Jefferys returned to the city. It seemed as if his absence left a yawning hiatus in her life, which had not previously been eventful or rich in incident. But she did not know how more than sorry Mark Jefferys was to part from her. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," he quoted to himself, after the hackneyed style of the young man in general when the little winged god has him at a disadvantage. "But she shall not blush unseen if my pictures in this year's exhibition bring their price. She shall be my wife—always supposing that she considers me worthy of the treasure-trove of her heart. I will wear her like a flower on my heart. I think—yes, I think she likes me a little now. I am quite sure that if I had the chance I could make her like me just a little more."

And so now and then he ventured to write to her, lest by any chance she might forget that such a person existed. Now in real life things will sometimes happen as strangely as they do in novels. Every one knows this. And it came to pass that in the mid-April time, when skies above and violets below are blue with a blueness that no description can equal, Docia Honeywell came up to New York to buy herself a silk dress, and asked Roxanna Stephens to accompany her.

"I never like to trust entirely to my own taste," said Docia; "and you have such excellent ideas of color, Roxy."

When the dress was duly settled upon—one of those delicious olives which, like the hair of the poet's heroine, was "Brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun," there was yet a good hour and a half to spare before the train went.

"Oh, do let us go to the Academy of Design!" said Roxy; "it can't be far. And I think it would rest my eyes to look at some pictures."

It was a fine, sunshiny, breezy afternoon, and all the world was out. Roxy came slowly up the broad marble steps, looking around at the giant palms, and the caoutchouc leaves, and the monster camellia-trees, whose dark green foliage shone as if it had been varnished. Beyond glowed the pictures, outlined in gold full of vivid lights and deep mysterious shades. A little crowd had collected before one particular canvas, and following the usual impulse of human nature, Docia and Roxy left the other pictures—possibly possessed of equal merit—unsurveyed, and joined the fluttering, performed knot of gazers.

"The picture of the season," she heard some one saying in the soft, distinct tones that denote your society oracle; "La Jolie Blanchisseuse!" Would you believe that that little square of canvas has been sold for a thousand dollars? It's a charmingly painted thing—oh, of course—but, after all, what is there to it?"

"It is the sentiment, the tone!" answered a wise critic who was penciling down notes for an art paragraph in the next day's Sphinx. "In this age of the world nobody can tell what's going to succeed and what isn't. The public pulse don't bear feeling as it used."

Little Roxy in her plain brown gown and the poke hat of rough and ready straw, with the loops of cherry ribbon which she herself had sewn on, stood on tiptoe to peep over the shoulder of the tall lady in front of her at the picture.

"Ah, Docia!" she cried, starting back, as she caught a glimpse of it, with the strange sensation of one who looks into a mirror, "I—I have seen that before."

In the foreground a crystal-clear brook gurgled away under a fringe of luxuriant cresses; in the middle distance there was the green mystery of chestnut shadows on the grass, and a young girl asleep, with bare white arms, and sun-bonnet fallen down her neck, while an open book lay on the ground. A red-winged blackbird balanced itself on a bush at her right, and in the background a line full of fluttering clothes seemed to come and go at the signal of the wind. One could almost hear the murmur of the brook, almost see the stir of the tall grasses in the yellow mist of the noontide heats. It was a very simple picture, to be sure, but it is the simple pictures that speak to people's hearts nowadays.

Docia stared intently. "It looks like you, Roxy," she said, "and that is the very chestnut-tree with the hollow heart that blew down in the equinoctial gale last March. Have you found the number in the catalogue? Who painted it? Ah, I thought so—Mark Jefferys."

Roxy turned around with a curious thrill, half of pride, half anger, in her heart, and saw a tall figure coming toward them from the monster palms that guarded the stairway beyond—Mark Jefferys himself.

"You have seen the picture, Roxy?" he said—"La Jolie Blanchisseuse?" "Drawing her away from the crowd into the cool green shadow of the giant ferns and the caoutchouc-tree—" "My fortune is made, and all through you, and I was coming to-morrow to lay it at your feet."

It was a strange place for a young man to speak out his heart in; but Mark Jefferys was like no other man, and Roxy had a certain individuality of her own. And z was then the lover, and y the tender little fluttering maiden heart, and what should it equal but z—the old, old story of human happiness, that repeats itself anew for every generation? Was it not as plain as any of the algebraic equations in Roxy's books at school?—Harper's Bazar.

A Curious Occupation. A lady is said to earn a livelihood by skillfully filling up worm-holes in old books, each leaf being separately and patiently dealt with, the material being chewed or "pulped" and pressed into the hole; the charge is sixpence a hole.—Walford's Antiquarian.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Willow furniture can be cleaned by using salt and water. Apply with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly. Japanned trays can be polished with a little powdered whiting or dry flour, all of it being rubbed off with a soft cloth.

Rugs should be lightly shaken every day if they are small, and brushed with a small broom daily when they are too large to be frequently shaken. Never pour hot water into a glass unless it contains a spoon; this will serve as a conductor for the heat of the water and lessen the risk of breakage.

Ragmuffs: Make a dough as for biscuit, roll half an inch thick, spread with butter, sugar, cinnamon; roll up and cut off from the end the size of biscuit; bake quickly. Mirrors can be polished with a soft cloth wet with a few drops of ammonia. The sun should not be allowed to fall on mirrors, because its rays affect the metallic coating on the glass.

How to beat cake: Beat from the bottom of the mixing bowl with a wooden spoon, bringing it up full and high with each stroke, and as soon as the ingredients are fairly and smoothly mixed stop beating, or your cake will be tough. To iron table cloths without creasing them, roll them upon a long curtain roller as fast as they are ironed dry, beginning at one end. A Canton flannel cloth under the linen one makes the table cloth look well, and saves spots upon the fabric.

Snow-drops: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of five eggs, one small cup of milk, three full cups of prepared flour; flavor with vanilla and nutmeg. Bake in small round tins. Those in the shape of fluted shells are very pretty.

Ginger Snaps: Two cups of molasses, one-cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of melted lard, two-thirds of a cup of cold water, two teaspoonfuls of salaratus, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and one of salt, and flour enough to roll thin. Bake in a quick oven.

Molasses Cookies: One cup butter, two cups molasses, one teaspoonful cloves, one tablespoonful ginger, sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, not dough. Mold with the hands into small cakes and bake in a steady rather than quick oven, as they are apt to burn.

When to water house plants: If dust can be worked up with the finger the plant needs water. Tap the pot with the knuckles. If it has a sharp, hollow sound or ring, the earth is dry. The weight of the pot also shows whether the plant requires water, wet soil, of course, being much heavier than dry.

How to make a good omelet: Beat the yolks and the whites of the eggs separately; mix a tablespoonful of butter in a teaspoon of warm milk, to which add gradually a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and black pepper; add the yolks of the eggs, and then add the whites. Bake immediately in a flat pan greased with butter.

In furnishing houses, pictures for adorning the walls should not be forgotten. There is such a variety of beautiful engravings and etchings that are within the reach of all, and the framing of them costs such a trifle, it is a crying shame that the walls of so many of our homes are decorated with the pictures of the chromo variety or not at all.

Milk bread: It is now recommended that milk should be used in making bread. A pint of it in the ordinary loaf, instead of water, adds some solid nutriment to the meal, and is a great improvement. Milk bread does not keep fresh as long as water bread, but it is delicious when fresh, and perhaps all the more wholesome for drying quickly.

Granulated wheat gems: Stir two and one-half cups of fine granulated wheat slowly into a liquid formed of one cup of water and one cup of milk, seasoned with a saltspoonful of salt; then beat rapidly until the arm is weary, and fill very hot iron gem pans well buttered, giving the batter a beating while filling, and bake immediately in a hot oven.

Curried eggs: Boil three eggs twenty minutes, then remove the shells and cut into slices. Fry a bit of onion in a little butter and add a tablespoonful of curry powder; pour on slowly three-quarters of a cup of milk, seasoning with salt and butter to taste, and simmer until the onion is soft. Add the eggs, and serve when they are thoroughly heated.

Corn starch cake: One cup of butter worked to a cream with two cups of sugar; one cup of milk in which is dissolved one teaspoonful of soda; two cups of flour, in which is sifted two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; the whites only, of six eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Mix all these ingredients well, then add one cup of corn starch. Beat well. Bake in a moderate oven. Will make one large loaf.

A Great Tenor's Vocal Practice.

When Mme. Patti is a guest at the Wigdor, people passing the door of her apartments are occasionally startled by a series of nasal quacks, if they can be so described, terminating in a vocal tone that gradually becomes clear and powerful. The first impression produced on the listener is that some foreign fowl is essaying its vocal powers, but later developments and inquiry make known that the strange sounds are produced by Signor Nicolini at practice. Signor Nicolini begins by directing his tones toward the head, and, having "placed" them properly, sustains and strengthens them. In this method he attributes the preservation of his voice, which most tenors who sing wholly from the chest would long since have ruined by incautious use.—New York Sun.

BE STILL, OH HEART.

Be still, oh, heart, and trust, Be generous and just, And 'twill be well with thee. The lowly task do well, Unworthy passions quell, And tho' the world be bound, be free.

The measures of thy hope May fill a wider scope Than thy allotted sphere doth give, But in the hollower space, Make beautiful the place, Where truth and thou dost live.

Content thee, oh, mine heart, Whatever be thy part— Another's prize thine own ambition fill, Far better walk the ways Of truth and hear no praise, Than fame, a costlier purchase still.

—H. S. Kneeder, in Inter-Ocean.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The busiest poet will have his idyl moments.—Detroit Free Press. The czar's throne is getting to be almost as comfortable as the summit of a church steeple in July.—Philadelphia Times. A citizen may be known as a bad egg, but like a bad egg, society will not regard him as offensive until he is broke.—Richmond State.

Jobbins rises to remark that the knights of old were termed men of high metal because they wore brass helmets on their heads. A poor teacher of penmanship in Xenia, O., has just fallen heir to a legacy of \$75,000. He is flourishing now, and no mistake.—Burlington Free Press. "False was the cold, hard heart which beat Her beautiful form beneath; False were her many vows," he moaned.—"And so were her hair and teeth."—Washington Critic.

It is easy for a great many men to declare "I would rather be right than be President," for they do not stand in much danger of being either.—Boston Post. Johnny's fingers were deep in the jam, And a sweet, peaceful smile spread him o'er; Yet he didn't seem gay When later that day They were deep in the jamb of the door.—Washington Critic.

When a woman can get hold of a newspaper out of which somebody has cut a piece of news, without yearning to know what it was about, she is ready to become an angel. When feminine curiosity ceases life has lost all charm and is no longer worth living.—Fall River Advance.

"And don't you know why, Bobby," said the minister, who was dining with the family, "your mamma doesn't want you to eat a second piece of pie?" "Yes, sir," replied Bobby. "She said that if you didn't take any there would be enough left over for to-morrow."—New York Sun.

A newly-made Benedict, while lazily strolling along one day last week, was met by a friend who in bachelor days had been a boon companion. "Hello, old fellow, glad to see you once more," was the salutation; then, in the same breath, accompanying a hearty handshake, came the natural query: "How do you like married life?" "Well, you know," drawled the Benedict, with a limp smile, "I never get very enthusiastic about anything."—Washington Chronicle.

The Use of Loons.

The crazy screams of the loon are heard again through the silent watches of the night and at early morn. Seven were seen sporting themselves in Pigeon Lake the other morning. It will be a good thing if they become numerous around here, as they will make magnificent sport for the innocent shootists who come in the summer with their kits. If there is anything that will tickle a loon to death it is to get a pair of breech loading, nickel mottled, double and twist, brown canvas, copper riveted throughout, city sportsmen after him. He will stand on his head and kick at the clouds with delight. He will sit on the water like an old-fashioned three decker with his off eye shut, and his beak on the grin, till the city chap thinks that if he can't blow the first pop it would be useless his shooting at a barn. Then he draws up, holds his breath, shuts his eyes, and paps. So likewise does the loon, and while the sport is confusedly looking for the pieces, the loon comes up within four feet and a half of the boat and laughs—a wild lunatic laugh. Then the rowing and shooting commences, and if the loon does not take at least five hours' hilarious fun out of them, why, he must be a young one and not feeling extra well. Yes, loons should be encouraged.—Bobonygon Independent.

A Happy Thought.

A happy thought inspired by devotion and strong friendship was that which will lighten the tedium of an ocean voyage for one Bostonian journeying across the Atlantic. A letter bag, full of the friendly missives from many of those who were indebted for pleasant hours of hospitality and kindness to her who asks only friendship in return for her labors in their behalf, was entrusted to the stewardess to be delivered on the third day out, when the flowers which lined the stateroom should have lost their freshness. There were pretty, youthful looking missives from sweet, young maidens; there were grave and dignified envelopes, such as only men of letters use; there were sonnets from young poets and verses from older ones. Painters, sculptors, clergymen and laymen, judges and medical men were well represented in this novel "round robin" mail bag, and many are the happy hours of reading in store for her whose name they bear.—Boston Post.